

Ira (Junior)



Killed



Machinist's Mate Ira A. Martin (above) was killed when his parachute failed to open as he jumped from a naval plane after an air collision, the Navy announced. The accident occurred near Fentress, Va. The victim is the son of Mrs. Sara Martin of Baltimore.

Parachute Fall Kills Man

Ira A. Martin, Aviation
Machinist's Mate, Dies
In Virginia Mishap

Ira A. Martin, aviation machinist's mate, third class, son of Mrs. Sara Martin, of 727 Newington avenue, was killed yesterday near Fentress, Va., when he bailed out of a plane after an aerial collision and his parachute failed to open.

Two other enlisted men and one officer were killed in the same collision, the Fifth Naval District announced today at Norfolk.

One Plane Crashes

The plane containing the other three killed crashed after the collision. Another man, who jumped from the plane in which Martin had been, landed safely. The pilot of Martin's plane, unaware that both of his passengers had jumped, remained at the controls and brought his damaged craft down safely.

The others killed were Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Golden, of Seattle; Aviation Radioman (third class) Phillip O. Rowe, of Union City, Ind., and Aviation Machinist's Mate (third class) Ernest E. Leeson, of Chicago.

"Junior & I"

I never wondered this until just now. Us kids and everyone else called Junior "Junior." My mother and father called him Ira. I wonder where the name Junior came from. My mother and everyone else called me "Brother" but my father always called me Everett. How long can you talk about a name? Like I said to my brother Ray, how long can you talk about a cat? Like Erik said "I've got too much time on my hands." But this is about my big brother, Junior. I was always about an inch taller, but he was the "Mex." He went to the "Miracle House" and he couldn't take the stuff they were dishing out, so he took off and stayed in the swamps overnight. Freddy the Wop was twice his size but he took him on. of course I had to bail him out with a tin can. Another time he was duking it out in the middle of the street with Dominic. He was as big as both of us and between the two of us we took him on. He always had something going. He sold Liberty Magazines for 5¢ and later, when he was thirteen he had a paper route that kept him in cigarettes and Pepsi. He talked me into running away with a Carnival when we were nine and ten. He both worked our booths. He set up the warden milk bottles and I worked

the canvas dolls. The song "Begin the Beguine" must have just come out because they played it all night long. He were probably some where in Md. I can't remember how we got home or if we ever got paid. Probably, hitch hiked. You could do that then. He moved from there to Mura Street after my father died a few months earlier. Junior got me and Pep going around collecting paper and card board. He stored and banded it and then sold it. Ten, twelve and thirteen year old kids but we did all right.

Junior never got into trouble like I did. His downfall was hooking school; but he was a good guy.

We were now living on Hannan Ave. Out of all the places we spent time and lived, I always feel a little sad when I think of that little cobbled stone St. in Highlandtown. When the "Big Black Cars" came and took everyone away, my big brother was the first to go. They put Junior in the Md. Training School for Boys. I heard someone say he was an Inco. That meant he was incorrigible. I guess because he would hook school. He was fifteen. He never lived together again. We all lived separate lives. Me and Pep walked out to Lock Raver and visited him one time. The next time I heard anything about

him, he had been moved to a Boop Home on Linden Ave. I don't know how he got a job, but he was a telephone operator for Hubbs and Corning Paper Co. Junior was always real smart like, Pep and Ray. At that time, Pep was grinding Eyeglasses and I worked in a body and fender shop and Junior was at the Paper Co. He had no more contact with each other. Then I found out if you joined the Service, you could get out of Boop Town. World War II was on, so Junior joined the Navy and was sent to Fentress, Va. to become a tail gunner on a Bomber Plane. To this day, I tear up when I tell you Junior was killed in a plane crash. I wish we could have grown old together. "He was nineteen."

Brother Jim

P.S.

Two things I just remembered. It was about 1937 or 38. Sonja Heinie was the World Champion Ice Skater at the time. He went to the State Theatre on Monument St and Junior fell in love with her. He had to go back every night to see her. I just found out from Pep that my mother received a letter from a girl in Va. She and Junior were in love and very serious. The letter arrived a few months after he was killed.